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"WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?"

The late Rev. ROBERT THOMAS, of Hanover, was once asked if he felt sure of going to Heaven when he died. We heard him reply—"Where else can I go?"

AIR—*Home, sweet Home.*"

You ask me if, when I am summoned to die,
There shall be a welcome for me in the sky;
I have but one answer, I wish you to know,
If my home be not there, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home."

When young, I surrendered my heart to the Lord,
And humbly have prayed for the servant's reward:
My master is Christ in this vineyard below,
If my home be not there, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home," &c.

I have been at His side in many a fight,
As He led in the war His armies of light;
I've sown the good seed where He wished it to grow,—
If my home be not there, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home," &c.

I've pointed the sinner to His dear Cross;
And in preaching have said, all else was as dross;
To His feet I have brought the high and the low,—
If my home be not there, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home," &c.

His people are mine, and so precious to me
That among them I long for ever to be;
If not in their ranks, then how bitter my woe!
If my home be not there, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home," &c.

My hairs are now whitening with gathering years;
The journey is ending in this Vale of Tears;
My soul is unloosening from all things below,—
If my home be not there, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home," &c.

Oh! ask me no longer if there is my home,
For 'mid its sweet glories I surely shall roam;
My Bible has told me that it shall be so,
And boldly I answer, WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?
"Home," &c.

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